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CAOIDH AIRSON COR NA GAIDHEALTACHD  
 AGUS FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL.

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OWING to emigration and various other causes inimical to Celtic Literature, it is likely that at no distant period the Gaelic will cease to be the vernacular language of the Highlands. Still, there is some reason to believe that the race of Gaelic Poets is not extinct in this country yet. The following valedictory semi-lament, is from the pen of a "Poet, and the son of a Poet," now no more. The father, in his day, published a volume of his poetical effusions, possessing considerable merit; and it is to be regretted that the son's modesty prevented him from following the example of his sire, by favouring the public with part of his productions. The present, however, is a specimen of his composition, which is considered to be above mediocrity. The theme is a retrospective view and description of the Highlands of Perthshire, the scene of his juvenile days; with a reflection, modestly expressed, on the ill-judged policy which caused him and others to leave their native glens, to make room for sheep and deer, occupants incapable of bearing target or rifle, or defending the country in case of invasion, now so much talked of. "*S'nuair a thig iad dh'iarraidh daoine, gheibh iad caoraich ann gu leoir.*"

G.

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CAOIDH AIRSON COR NA GAIDHEALTACHD  
AGUS FOGRADH NAN GAIDHEAL.

*Air Fonn.*—"MORT GHLINNE CUMHAN."

FHIR a shiubhaileas dom dhùthaich,  
Beir beannachd le ruin uam da còir,  
Ghaelteachd bheadarach mhuirneach,  
Sam b-ábhaist dhomh dùsga 's mi òg ;  
Tir nan gaisgeach 's nan tréun-fhear,  
Rachadh brais ann san streupa le deòin,  
'S nach geilleadh do phrábar,  
Fhad sa mhaireadh fuil bhlàth annt' is deò.

Soireadh uam gu Siochaillean,  
Tha geiridh 'm Bun-Raineach nam bò,  
'S Beinn-a-Chuallach nan tàrmach,  
Air 'm minic a thármaich 'n ceò,  
Sa Ghiusach bha miadhail,  
Mun do spiant' i a freumh le droch phòr,  
+ 'S Càri ainmeal bha cùirteal,  
Far an cluinte luchd ciuil aig tra nòin,

Soireadh eile don gharbh-mheall,  
'S h-uile stachdan is garbh-chlach na chòir,  
Far 'm faighte Fir-chalamadh  
A sireadh so sealg daimh na cròic,  
Bhidh am fùdar a lasadh,  
'Sluaidh dhù-ghorm gu brais dol na lòid,  
Sa 'm fear ceannardach cabrach  
'S e na dheann tuiteam thaireas gun tréoir.

*Cari was at one time one of the  
best seats of the Chiefs of*

Soireadh eile gun dearmad,  
 Bheir a null gu Loch-Eireachd 'n fheidh  
 'S gu Beinn Amhlair na h-uaghaimh,  
 Far na thuinich Fear Chluainidh sa 'm Prionns,  
 'S cha robh dh' òr ann an Sasunn,  
 Na dhuisge luchd bratha san am,  
 Ged chaidh pailteas dheth thàirgse,  
 Mur luach foladh 's mur phris air a cheann.

'S bheir thu scriob mach gu Fuar-mhon,  
 Sa null gu Druim-uachdair nan drobh,  
 Gu Loch-Garadh san Cearcull,  
 Mur sin 's Dail 'n Spideal an fheòir,  
 Far am b'-aist don ghreidh uallach,  
 Bhith mireag sa ruaig air an lòn,  
 Stric bha spuirt aig daoine uaisle ann,  
 Le gaothair sheang luath air an tòir.

Soiridh eil' do Shroin-Phadruig,  
 'S le dìreadh gu braidh an Dùin,  
 'N sin chi thu an àros,  
 Far 'm b-abhaist domh farsan le 'm chù,  
 Tearnadh staigh air ruidh Ghlas-choir,  
 Bu tartrach ann coinneamh fir-mhòr,  
 'S piob-mhor mhalach le nuallan,  
 Thogadh aigne clann tuadh' gu ceòl.

Tha na beanntain mur ab-abhaist,  
 'S na gleanntain na'n àiteachain fhein,  
 Ach gun bhothan air airidh,  
 'S gun bhanarach bhlàth ann le spreidh,  
 Cha n-'eil gruth ann na uachdar,  
 Cha n-'eil amhan na fuarag gheal ré,  
 Ach fhionntag dhosrach teachd suas ann,  
 'S i a sgaoile mun cuairt air an rèil.



O c'ait' bheil na daoine,  
 A chleachd a bhith faoilidh 's na glinn,  
 'S c'ait' nis bheil na fiurain,  
 Chaidh thogail le muirn ann-t pris,  
 Rachadh dian an tùs baiteal,  
 'S bheiridh bèum as le claidh' is pìc,  
 'S dh' fhaga naimhdean nan sineadh,  
 Gun chinn, gun chasan, gun lamhan 's gun chli.

Tha iad nis air an sgaoile,  
 Measg bhailtean 's feadh choilltean thair sàil,  
 Dheanadh àite do chaoirich,  
 Agus airgead is maoin do luchd chàp,  
 Air am fogradh a 'n duthaich,  
 'S gun aon duil ac ri pilleadh gu bràth,  
 Sann chuir cabag na caorach,  
 'N da chuid croinn agus daoine air an spàr.

Ach mu thig oirn na Frangaich,  
 'S iad a bagairt san am oirn air sheòl,  
 Cia mar bheir sinn dhoibh ionnsuidh,  
 'S sinn gun spionnadh gun daoine gun dòigh,  
 'N cuir sinn claidh' air caoirich,  
 Is targaid air gairdean daimh mhòr,  
 Na 'n cuir tamhunn cù ciobair,  
 Eagal air miltean de shloigh.

Tha mo smaointeansa luaineach,  
 'S tha 'm inntinn fo bhruaillean gu leor  
 'S mi cuimhneach na Gaelteachd,  
 Bha caireamach cairdeal ro choir,  
 Tha i nise air caochladh,  
 Na fasain na daoine 's na seòil,  
 'S tha mise nam aonar,  
 Mur Oisean ga caoimhne le bròn.



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